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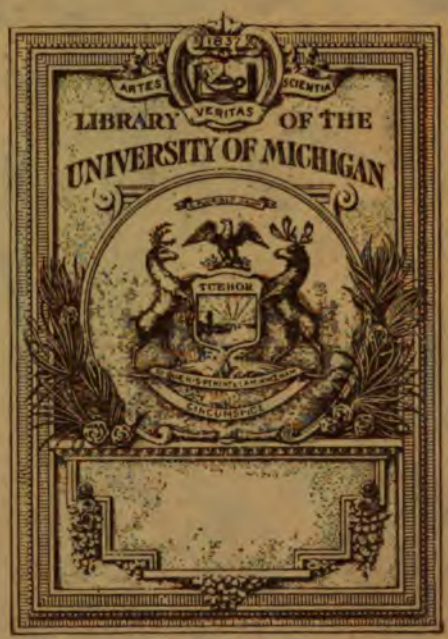

THE GIFT OF
Mrs. M. B. Shelley

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NATURE AND ART

POEMS AND PICTURES

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

COMPILED BY

LOUISE REID ESTES

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTEEN ETCHINGS, BY RAJON, AFTER BONNAT; FORBERG, AFTER GREUZE; R. SWAIN GIFFORD, H. FARRAR, W. LEIBL, J. D. SMILLIE, MORAN, AND OTHERS

AND

FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DESIGNS BY A. F. BELLOWS, GEORGE FULLER, GRANVILLE PERKINS, WM. M. HUNT, AND J. D. WOODWARD

ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON, G. T. ANDREW, W. B. CLOSSON, AND G. KRUELL

BOSTON
ESTES AND LAURIAT
1882

Mrs W. H. Shelley
gt.
11-21-1922

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
The Old Path	*James Freeman Coleman*	9
Lines on My New Child-Sweetheart	*Thomas Campbell*	10
The Flight of Night	*Leavitt Hunt*	12
June	*James Russell Lowell*	15
Under the Greenwood Tree	*William Shakespeare*	18
Our Skater Belle	*Anonymous*	21
Those Evening Bells	*Thomas Moore*	23
Brother and Sister	*George Eliot*	24
The Huskers	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	25
Think of Me	*John Hamilton Reynolds*	30
Winter Song	*Ludwig Hölty*	32
Song	*Allan Ramsay*	35
The Valley Brook	*John Howard Bryant*	36
By the Autumn Sea	*Paul Hamilton Hayne*	40
The Return of Spring	*Bayard Taylor*	42
To my Horse	*Anonymous*	44
The Wayside Inn	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	46
Sleigh Song	*G. W. Pettee*	48
The Death of the Flowers	*William Cullen Bryant*	50
Winter	*Thomas Sackville*	52
Rock and Rill	*Lucy Larcom*	55
Lambs at Play	*Robert Bloomfield*	57
A Forest Hymn	*William Cullen Bryant*	59
A Summer Morning	*William Chamberlayne*	65
The Fountain	*James Russell Lowell*	66
Girlhood	*Anonymous*	70
Domestic Peace	*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*	73
The Flower's Name	*Robert Browning*	75
Solitude	*Byron*	80
To a Young Ass	*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*	81

411160

		PAGE
To Seneca Lake	*James Gates Percival*	83
The Sea	*Bryan Waller Procter*	85
The Praise of a Countryman's Life	*John Chalkhill*	89
The Forest Shrine	*Myra Meredith*	92
The Garden of Memory	*George Arnold*	93
July	*John Clare*	97
The Edge of the Swamp	*William Gilmore Simms*	99
The Shepherd	*Dyer*	103
Thoughts in a Garden	*Andrew Marvell*	105
The Bugle	*Alfred Tennyson*	108
Sunset on the Kekoughton River	*James Barron Hope*	109
The Greenwood	*William Lisle Bowles*	112
To the Turtle-Dove	*D. Conway*	115
The Meeting of the Waters	*Thomas Moore*	117
A Morning Walk	*Chaucer*	119
I Remember, I Remember	*Thomas Hood*	121
River Song	*F. B. Sanborn*	123
The Cataract of Lodore	*Robert Southey*	125
Autumn	*Percy Bysshe Shelley*	130
Day is Dying	*George Eliot*	133
The Brave Old Oak	*Henry Fothergill Chorley*	135
The Mother's Hope	*Laman Blanchard*	137
The Falls of Minnehaha	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	140
Beware!	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	142
The Old Kirk Yard	*Thomas Haynes Bayly*	143
The Cloud	*Percy Bysshe Shelley*	145
John Anderson, My Jo	*Robert Burns*	148
The Ohio	*Ephraim Peabody*	149
Chocorua	*Lucy Larcom*	150
The Angler's Wish	*Izaak Walton*	153
The Old House at Home	*Anonymous*	157
"Isabella playing the Lute"	*Waller*	158

FULL-PAGE ENGRAVINGS.

Title.	Designer.	Engraver.	Page
THE FLIGHT OF NIGHT	*W. M. Hunt*	*F. Kruell*	13
UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE	*Thomas Moran*	*W. H. Morse*	19
THE HUSKERS	*C. S. Reinhart*	*W. J. Linton*	27
WINTER	*Thomas Moran*	*J. W. Lauderbach*	33
THE VALLEY BROOK	*Thomas Moran*	*W. H. Morse*	37
WINTER	*J. D. Woodward*	*F. W. Quartly*	53
THE FOREST	*Thomas Moran*	*J. W. Lauderbach*	61
THE FOUNTAIN	*J. D. Woodward*	*J. W. Lauderbach*	67
GIRLHOOD	*George Fuller*	*W. B. Closson*	71
THE FLOWER'S NAME	*H. F. Farny*	*Photo-Engraving Co.*	77
THE OPEN SEA	*Granville Perkins*	*W. J. Linton*	87
EDGE OF THE SWAMP	*Granville Perkins*	*W. J. Linton*	101
THE GREENWOOD	*J. D. Woodward*	*J. S. Harley*	113
AUTUMN	*R. S. Gifford*	*J. P. Davis*	131
MOUNT CHOCORUA	*D. Huntington*	*J. Filmer*	151
THE ANGLER	*J. D. Woodward*	*J. W. Lauderbach*	155

ETCHINGS.

PAGE

A DAY DREAM.
From a painting by KAULBACH, engraved by BÜCHEL . . . . *Frontispiece*

"MY NEW CHILD-SWEETHEART."
From a painting by J. B. GREUZE, etched by S. J. FERRIS 10

BROTHER AND SISTER.
From a painting by LÉON BONNAT, etched by PAUL RAJON 24

BY THE AUTUMN SEA.
Designed and etched by JAMES D. SMILLIE 40

THE WAYSIDE INN.
Designed and etched by E. H. GARRETT 46

WINTER.
Designed and etched by HENRY FARRER 52

SOLITUDE.
Designed and etched by R. SWAIN GIFFORD 80

A YOUNG ASS.
Designed and etched by PETER MORAN 82

THE FOREST SHRINE.
Etched by FORBERG 92

JULY.
Designed and etched by A. F. BELLOWS 98

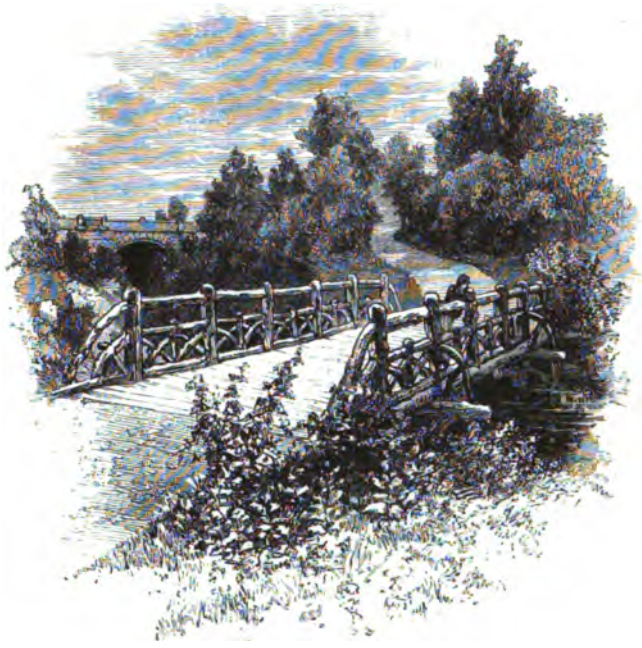
"THE SPLENDOR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS."
Designed and etched by SAMUEL COLMAN 108

"THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN."
Designed and etched by E. H. GARRETT 122

"A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE."
Designed and etched by I. M. GAUGENGIGL 142

"ISABELLA PLAYING THE LUTE."
Drawn by LEOPOLD MÜLLER, etched by J. KLAUS 158

NATURE AND ART.



THE OLD PATH.

I STAND again upon the bridge,
  I watch the shimmering stream below,
I hear the pine-trees from the ridge
  Repeat the music of its flow.
Lulled by their low, perpetual psalm,
  The listening waters lingering sweep
Through meadows filled with drowsy calm —
  A dream that glorifies their sleep.

The eastern mountain's dewy shade
  Still floats upon the field of grain,
Along whose edge my footsteps made
  Their morning pathway to the train;
The eagle-eyed autumnal flowers
  Guard, as of old, the rustic arch
Where the procession of the hours
  Moved by us in melodious march;

And red leaves through the sunset wood
  Still flicker down — like tongues of flame,
Just as around her where she stood
  To greet me when I homeward came.
But there 's no pressure on my arm,
  No voice upon the evening air,
The path has lost its ancient charm —
  It leads not home — she sleeps elsewhere.

JAMES FREEMAN COLEMAN.

LINES ON MY NEW CHILD-SWEETHEART.

I HOLD it a religious duty
To love and worship children's beauty;
They 've least the taint of earthly clod,
They 're freshest from the hand of God;
With heavenly looks they make us sure
The heaven that made them must be pure.
We love them not in earthly fashion,
But with a beatific passion.
I chanced to, yesterday, behold
A maiden child of beauty's mould;

'T was near, more sacred was the scene,
The palace of our patriot Queen.
The little charmer to my view
Was sculpture brought to life anew.
Her eyes had a poetic glow,
Her pouting mouth was Cupid's bow;
And through her frock I could descry
Her neck and shoulders' symmetry.
'T was obvious from her walk and gait
Her limbs were beautifully straight.
I stopped th' enchantress, and was told,
Though tall, she was but four years old.
Her guide so grave an aspect wore
I could not ask a question more;
But followed her. The little one
Threw backward ever and anon
Her lovely neck, as if to say,
"I know you love me, Mr. Grey;"
For by its instinct childhood's eye
Is shrewd in physiognomy;
They well distinguish fawning art
From sterling fondness of the heart.
And so she flirted, like a true,
Good woman, till we bade adieu.
'T was then I with regret grew wild,
Oh, beauteous, interesting child!
Why ask'd I not thy home and name?
My courage fail'd me — more's the shame.
But where abides this jewel rare?
Oh, ye that own her, tell me where!
For sad it makes my heart and sore
To think I ne'er may meet her more.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE FLIGHT OF NIGHT.

ENTHRONED upon her car of light, the moon
Is circling down the lofty heights of heaven:
Her well-trained coursers wedge the blindest depths
With fearful plunge, yet heed the steady hand
That guides their lonely way. So swift her course,
So bright her smile, she seems on silver wings,
O'erreaching space, to glide the airy main:
Behind, far-flowing, spreads her deep blue veil,
Inwrought with stars that shimmer in its wave.

Before the car an owl, gloom-sighted, flaps
His weary way: with melancholy hoot
Dispelling spectral shades that flee,
With bat-like rush, affrighted, back
Within the blackest nooks of caverned Night.
Still Hours of darkness wend around the car,
By raven tresses half concealed: but one,
With fairer locks, seems lingering back for Day.
Yet all with even measured footsteps mark
Her onward course. And floating in her train
Repose lies nestled on the breast of Sleep,
While soft Desires enclasp the waists of Dreams,
And light-winged Fancies flit around in troops.

LEAVITT HUNT.

THE FLIGHT OF NIGHT.

JUNE.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:

Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there 's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;

The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
  That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
  We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
  Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
  Everything is upward striving;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
  'T is the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
  In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
  The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
  And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
  Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
  Here shall he see
  No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
  Here shall he see
  No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

OUR SKATER BELLE.

ALONG the frozen lake she comes
  In linking crescents, light and fleet;
The ice-imprisoned Undine hums
  A welcome to her little feet.

I see the jaunty hat, the plume
  Swerve bird-like in the joyous gale,—
The cheeks lit up to burning bloom,
  The young eyes sparkling through the vail.

The quick breath parts her laughing lips,
  The white neck shines through tossing curls;
Her vesture gently sways and dips,
  As on she speeds in shell-like whirls.

Men stop and smile to see her go;
They gaze, they smile in pleased surprise;
They ask her name; they long to show
Some silent friendship in their eyes.

She glances not; she passes on;
Her steely footfall quicker rings;
She guesses not the benison
Which follows her on noiseless wings.

Smooth be her ways, secure her tread
Along the devious lines of life,
From grace to grace successive led, —
A noble maiden, nobler wife!

ANONYMOUS.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are pass'd away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone,—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THOMAS MOORE.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

I CANNOT choose but think upon the time
  When our two lives grew like two buds that kiss
At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime,
  Because the one so near the other is.

He was the elder, and a little man
  Of forty inches, bound to show no dread,
And I the girl that puppy-like now ran,
  Now lagged behind my brother's larger tread.

I held him wise, and when he talked to me
  Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best,
I thought his knowledge marked the boundary
  Where men grew blind, though angels knew the rest.

If he said, "Hush!" I tried to hold my breath;
Wherever he said, "Come!" I stepped in faith.

School parted us; we never found again
  That childish world where our two spirits mingled
Like scents from varying roses that remain
  One sweetness, nor can evermore be singled.

Yet the twin habit of that early time
  Lingered for long about the heart and tongue;
We had been natives of one happy clime,
  And its dear accent to our utterance clung.

J. Bonnet pt
Rajon sc

Till the dire years whose awful name is Change
  Had grasped our souls still yearning in divorce,
And pitiless shaped them in two forms that range
  Two elements which sever their life's course.

But were another childhood-world my share,
I would be born a little sister there.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE HUSKERS.

IT was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped;
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why;
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weathercocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn-crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay;
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

THE HUSKERS.

Swung o 'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;
While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-ballad sung.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THINK OF ME.

Go where the water glideth gently ever,
  Glideth through meadows that the greenest be—
Go, listen to our own beloved river,
  And think of me.

Wander in forests, where the small flower layeth
  Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree;
List to the dim brook, pining as it playeth,
  And think of me.

And when the sky is silver-pale at even,
  And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree,
Walk out beneath the solitary heaven,
  And think of me.

And when the moon riseth as she were dreaming,
  And treadeth with white feet the lulléd sea,
Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,
  And think of me!

JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS.

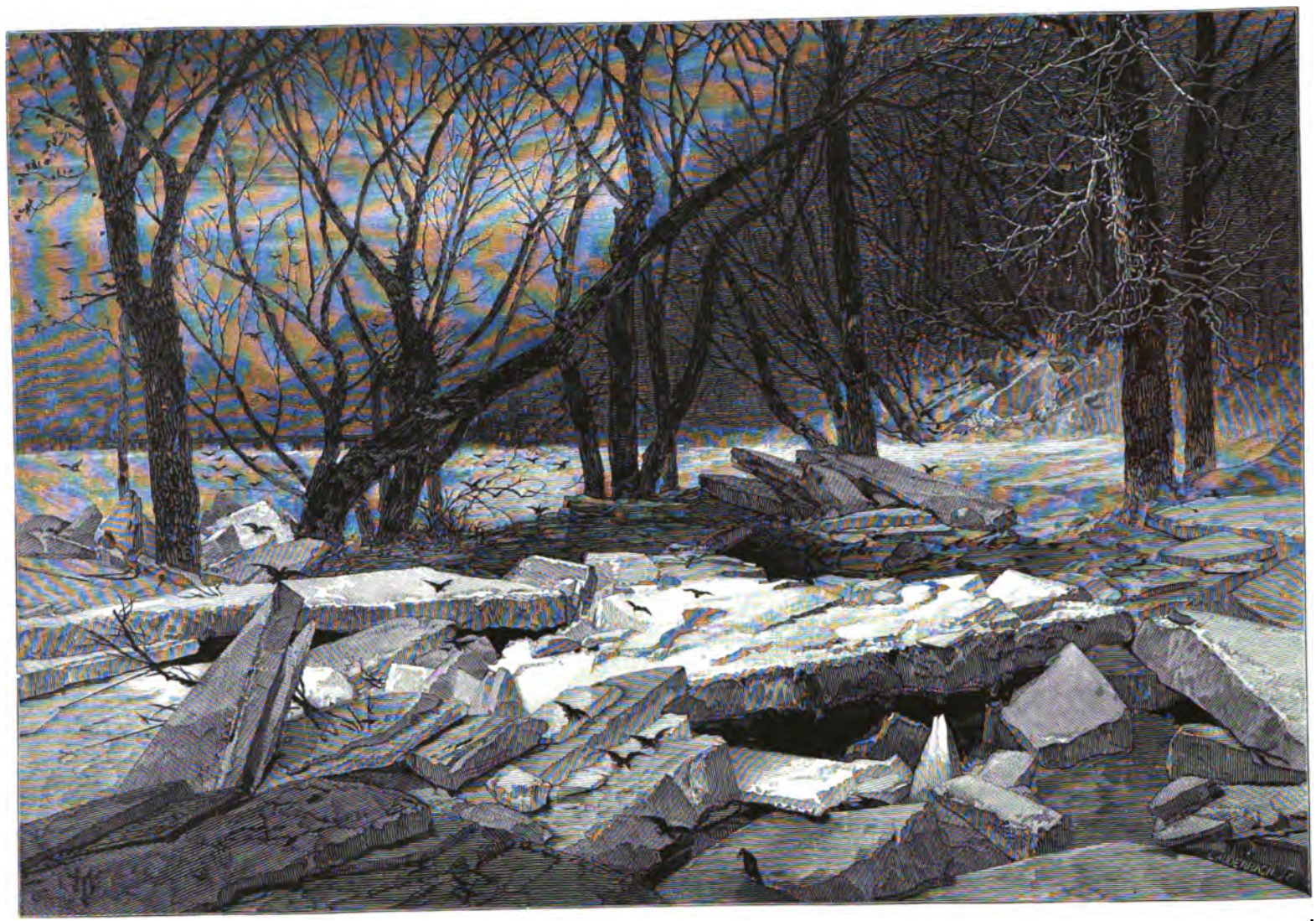
WINTER SONG.

SUMMER joys are o'er:
Flowerets bloom no more,
Wintry winds are sweeping:
Through the snow-drifts peeping,
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

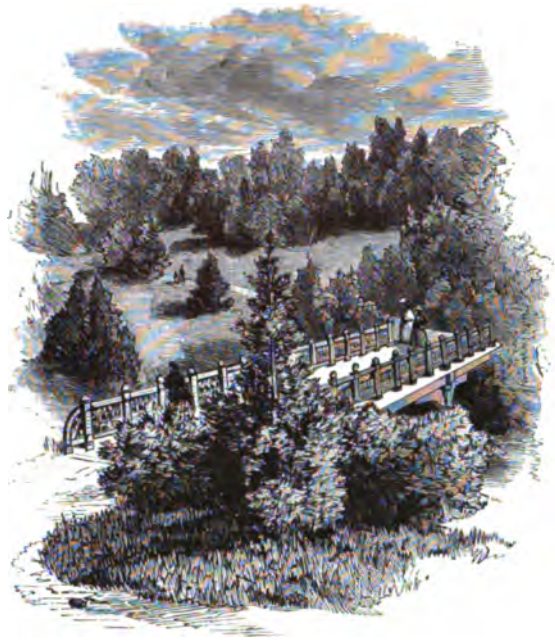
Now no pluméd throng
Charms the wood with song;
Ice-bound trees are glittering;
Merry snow-birds, twittering,
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee, —
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

LUDWIG HÖLTY.
Translation of Charles T. Brooks.



WINTER.



SONG.

At setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I 'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I' ll visit aft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid thy blush,
Whilst round thou didst infold me.
To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer day I 'd share
With thee upon yon mountain;
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeigned and tender;
By vows you 're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE VALLEY BROOK.

FRESH from the fountains of the wood
A rivulet of the valley came,
And glided on for many a rood,
Flushed with the morning's ruddy flame.

The air was fresh and soft and sweet;
The slopes in Spring's new verdure lay,
And wet with dew-drops at my feet
Bloomed the young violets of May.

No sound of busy life was heard
Amid those pastures lone and still,
Save the faint chirp of early bird,
Or bleat of flocks along the hill.

I traced that rivulet's winding way;
New scenes of beauty opened round,
Where meads of brighter verdure lay,
And lovelier blossoms tinged the ground.

"Ah, happy valley-stream!" I said,
"Calm glides thy wave amid the flowers,
Whose fragrance round thy path is shed
Through all the joyous summer hours.

THE VALLEY BROOK.

"Oh! could my years, like thine, be passed
In some remote and silent glen,
Where I could dwell and sleep at last,
Far from the bustling haunts of men!"

But what new echoes greet my ear?
The village schoolboys' merry call!
And 'mid the village hum I hear
The murmur of the water-fall.

I looked! the widening vale betrayed
A pool that shone like burnished steel,
Where that bright valley-stream was stayed
To turn the miller's ponderous wheel.

Ah! why should I, I thought with shame,
Sigh for a life of solitude,
When even this stream without a name
Is laboring for the common good.

No longer let me shun my part
Amid the busy scenes of life,
But with a warm and generous heart
Press onward in the glorious strife.

JOHN HOWARD BRYANT.

BY THE AUTUMN SEA.

FAIR as the dawn of the fairest day,
Sad as the evening's tender gray,
By the latest lustre of sunset kissed,
That wavers and wanes through an amber mist, —
There cometh a dream of the past to me,
On the desert sands, by the autumn sea.

All heaven is wrapped in a mystic veil,
And the face of the ocean is dim and pale,
And there rises a wind from the chill north-west,
That seemeth the wail of a soul's unrest,
As the twilight falls, and the vapors flee
Far over the wastes of the autumn sea.

A single ship through the gloaming glides,
Upborne on the swell of the seaward tides;
And above the gleam of her topmost spar
Are the virgin eyes of the vesper-star
That shine with an angel's ruth on me, —
A hopeless waif, by the autumn sea.

The wings of the ghostly beach-birds gleam
Through the shimmering surf, and the curlew's scream
Falls faintly shrill from the darkening height;
The first weird sigh on the lips of Night
Breathes low through the sedge and the blasted tree,
With a murmur of doom, by the autumn sea.

O sky-enshadowed and yearning main!
Your gloom but deepens this human pain;
Those waves seem big with a nameless care,
That sky is a type of the heart's despair,
As I linger and muse by the sombre lea,
And the night-shades close on the autumn sea.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

HAVE I passed through Death's unconscious birth,
  In a dream the midnight bare?
I look on another and fairer Earth;
  I breathe a wondrous air!

A spirit of beauty walks the hills,
  A spirit of love the plain;
The shadows are bright, and the sunshine fills
  The air with a diamond rain!

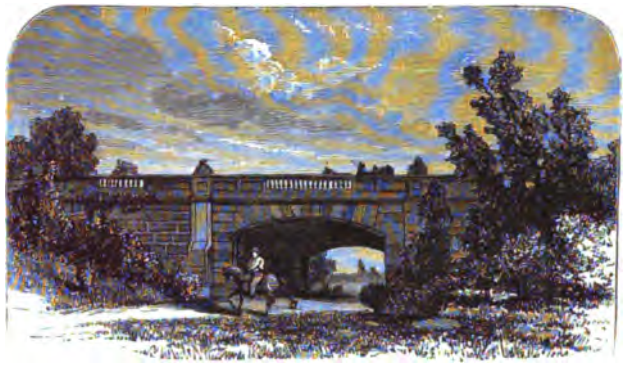
Before my vision the glories swim,
  To the dance of a tune unheard;
Is an angel singing where woods are dim,
  Or is it an amorous bird?

Is it a spike of azure flowers,
  Deep in the meadows seen,
Or is it the peacock's neck, that towers
  Out of the spangled green?

Is a white dove glancing across the blue,
  Or an opal taking wing?
For my soul is dazzled through and through,
  With the splendor of the Spring.

Is it she that shines, as never before,
  The tremulous hills above,—
Or the heart within me, awake once more
  To the dawning light of love?

BAYARD TAYLOR.



TO MY HORSE.

With a glancing eye and curving mane
He neighs and champs on the bridle-rein;
One spring, and his saddled back I press,
And ours is a common happiness!
'Tis the rapture of motion! a hurrying cloud
When the loosen'd winds are breathing loud;—
A shaft from the painted Indian's bow,
A bird — in the pride of speed we go.

Dark thoughts that haunt me, where are ye now?
While the cleft air gratefully cools my brow,
And the dizzy earth seems reeling by,
And naught is at rest but the arching sky;
And the tramp of my steed, so swift and strong,
Is dearer than fame and sweeter than song!
There is life in the breeze as we hasten on;
With each bound some care of earth has gone,
And the languid pulse begins to play,
And the night of my soul is turn'd to day;
A richer verdure the earth o'erspreads,
Sparkles the streamlet more bright in the meads;

And its voice to the flowers that bend above
Is soft as the whisper of early love;
With fragrance spring flowers have burden'd the air,
And the blue-bird and robin are twittering clear.

Lovely tokens of gladness, I mark'd ye not
When last I roamed o'er the self-same spot.
Ah! then the deep shadows of sorrow's mien
Fell, like a blight, on the happy scene;
And Nature, with all her love and grace,
In the depths of the spirit could find no place.

So the vex'd breast of the mountain-lake,
When wind and rain mad revelry make,
Turbid and gloomy, and wildly tost,
Retains no trace of the beauty lost.
But when through the moist air, bright and warm,
The sun looks down with his golden charm,
And clouds have fled, and the wind is lull,
Oh! then the changed lake, how beautiful!

The glistening trees, in their shady ranks,
And the ewe with its lamb along the banks,
And the kingfisher perch'd on the wither'd bough,
And the pure blue heaven all pictured below!
Bound proudly, my steed, nor bound proudly in vain,
Since thy master is now himself again.
And thine be the praise when the leech's power
Is idle, to conquer the darken'd hour,
By the might of the sounding hoof to win
Beauty without and joy within;
Beauty else to my eyes unseen,
And joy, that then had a stranger been.

ANONYMOUS.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

One Autumn night, in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with firelight through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality;
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds;
But noon and night, the panting teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below,

THE WAYSIDE INN.

On roofs and doors and window-sills.
Across the road the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay,
Through the wide doors the breezes blow,
The wattled cocks strut to and fro,
And, half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign.
Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust
Went rushing down the country road,
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,
A moment quickened by its breath,
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,
And through the ancient oaks o'erhead
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SLEIGH SONG.

JINGLE, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh!
As it swiftly scuds along,
Hear the burst of happy song;
See the gleam of glances bright,
Flashing o'er the pathway white!
Jingle, jingle, past it flies,
Sending shafts from hooded eyes,—
Roguish archers, I'll be bound,
Little heeding whom they wound;
See them, with capricious pranks,
Ploughing now the drifted banks;
Jingle, jingle, mid the glee
Who among them cares for me?

Jingle, jingle, on they go,
Capes and bonnets white with snow,
Not a single robe they fold
To protect them from the cold;
Jingle, jingle, mid the storm,
Fun and frolic keep them warm;
Jingle, jingle, down the hills,
O'er the meadows, past the mills,
Now 'tis slow, and now 'tis fast;
Winter will not always last.
Jingle, jingle, clear the way!
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.

G. W. PETTEE.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hills the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will
come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees
are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south-wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he
bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WINTER.

THE wrathful winter 'proaching on apace,
With blust'ring blasts had all ybared the treen,
And old Saturnus with his frosty face
With chilling cold had pierced the tender green;
The mantles rent, wherein enwrappéd been
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
The tapets torn, and every bloom down blown.

The soil that erst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoiléd of her beauty's hue;
And soote fresh flowers (wherewith the summer's queen
Had clad the earth) now Boreas' blasts down blew,
And small fowls flocking, in their song did rue
The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaced
In woeful wise bewailed the summer past.

Hawthorn had left his motley livery;
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,
And dropping down the tears abundantly;
Each thing (methought) with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
My self within, for I was gotten out
Into the fields whereas I walked about.

THOMAS SACKVILLE.

H. Farrer. 1877

WINTER.

ROCK AND RILL.

"INTO the sunshine out of shade!"
The rill has heard the call,
And, babbling low, her answer made,—
A laugh, 'twixt slip and fall.

Out from her cradle-roof of trees,
Over the free, rough ground!
The peaceful blue above she sees;
The cheerful green around.

A pleasant world for running streams
To steal unnoticed through,
At play with all the sweet sky-gleams,
And nothing else to do!

A rock has stopped the silent rill,
  And taught her how to speak;
He hinders her; she chides him still;
  He loves her lispings weak.

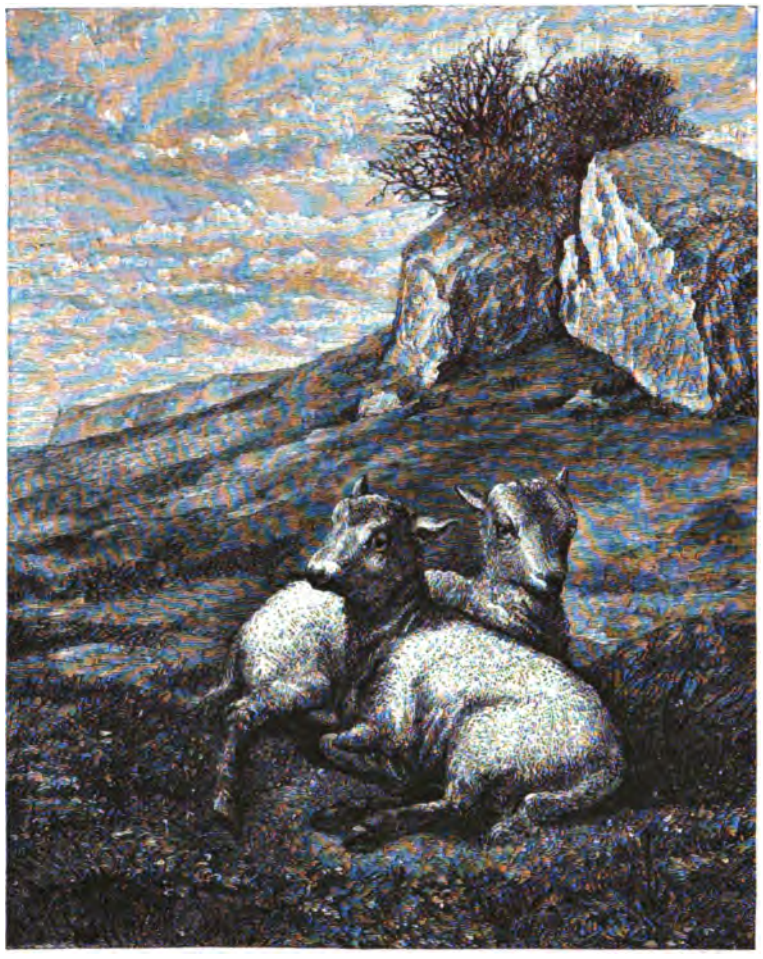
And still he will not let her go;
  But she may chide and sing,
And o'er him liquid freshness throw,
  Amid her murmuring.

The harebell sees herself no more
  In waters clear at play;
Yet never she such azure wore,
  Till wept on by the spray.

And many a woodland violet
  Stays charmed upon the bank;
Her thoughtful blue eye brimming wet,
  The rock and rill to thank.

The rill is blessing in her talk
  What half she held a wrong,—
The happy trouble of the rock
  That makes her life a song.

LUCY LARCOM.



LAMBS AT PLAY.

Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enlivening green,—
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way?
Did your eye brighten when young lambs at play
Leaped o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gazed in merry clusters by your side?
Ye who can smile—to wisdom no disgrace—
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;

If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;
In shades like these pursue your favorite joy,
Midst Nature's revels, sports that never cloy.
A few begin a short, but vigorous race,
And Indolence, abashed, soon flies the place;
Thus challenged forth, see thither, one by one,
From every side assembling playmates run;
A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
A starting crowd, impatient of delay.
Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say, "Come, let us try our speed;"
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along;
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every mole-hill is a bed of thyme;
There, panting, stop; yet scarcely can refrain;
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again;
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scattering the wild-brier roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try,
Like the torn flower, the fair assemblage fly.
Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom;
Frail as thyself, they perish as they bloom!

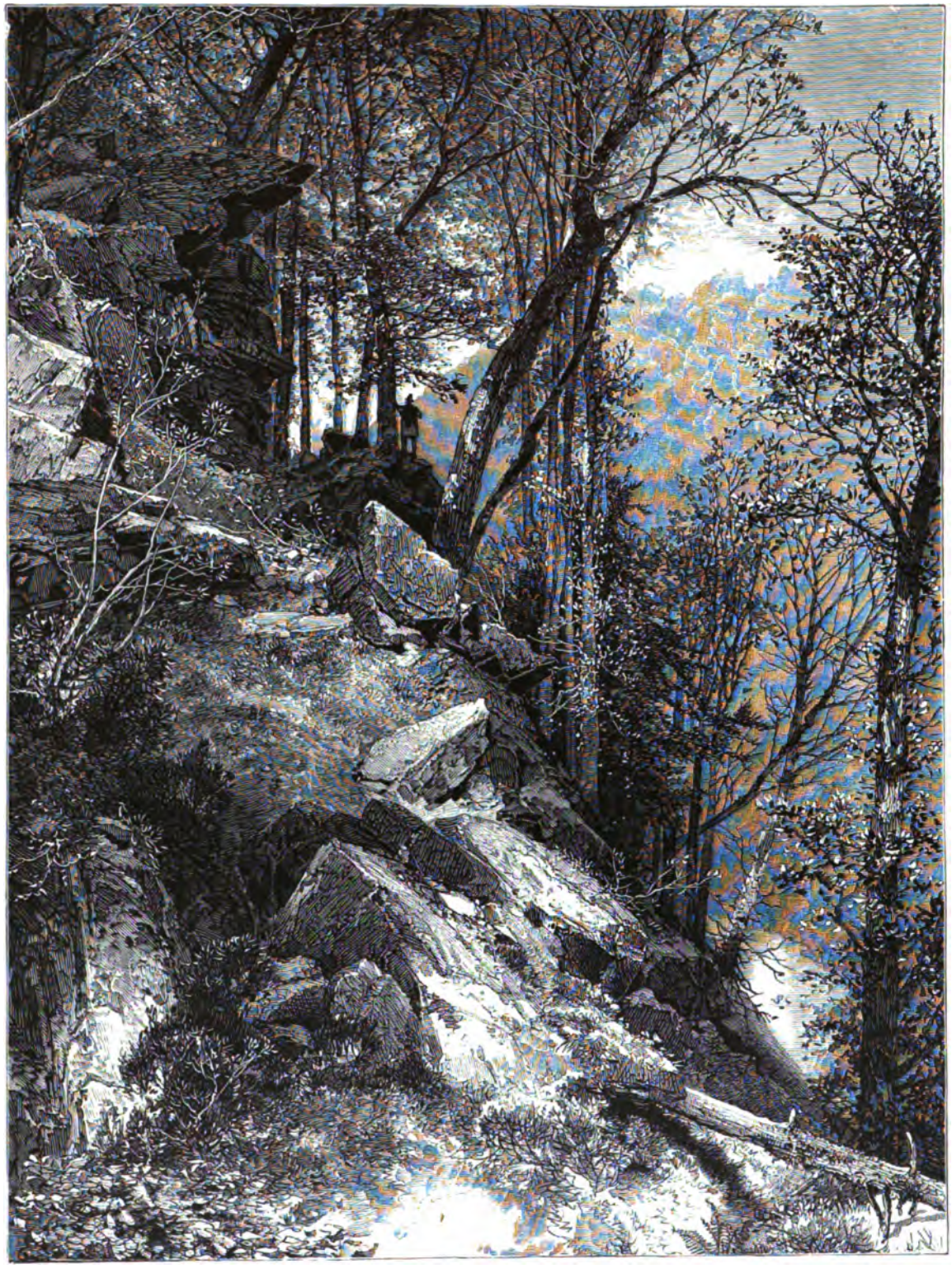
ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them, — ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn, — thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down

Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here, — thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship; — Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak, —
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated, — not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,



THE FOREST.

E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me, — the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die; but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses, — ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of Earth's charms! upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death, — yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; — and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble, and are still. O God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities, — who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?

Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

A SUMMER MORNING.

THE morning hath not lost her virgin blush,
Nor step but mine soiled the earth's tinselled robe.
How full of heaven this solitude appears,
This healthful comfort of the happy swain;
Who from his hard but peaceful bed roused up,
In 's morning exercise saluted is
By a full choir of feathered choristers,
Wedding their notes to the enamored air!
Here Nature in her unaffected dress
Plaited with valleys, and embossed with hills,
Enchased with silver streams, and fringed with woods,
Sits lovely in her native russet.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE.

THE FOUNTAIN.

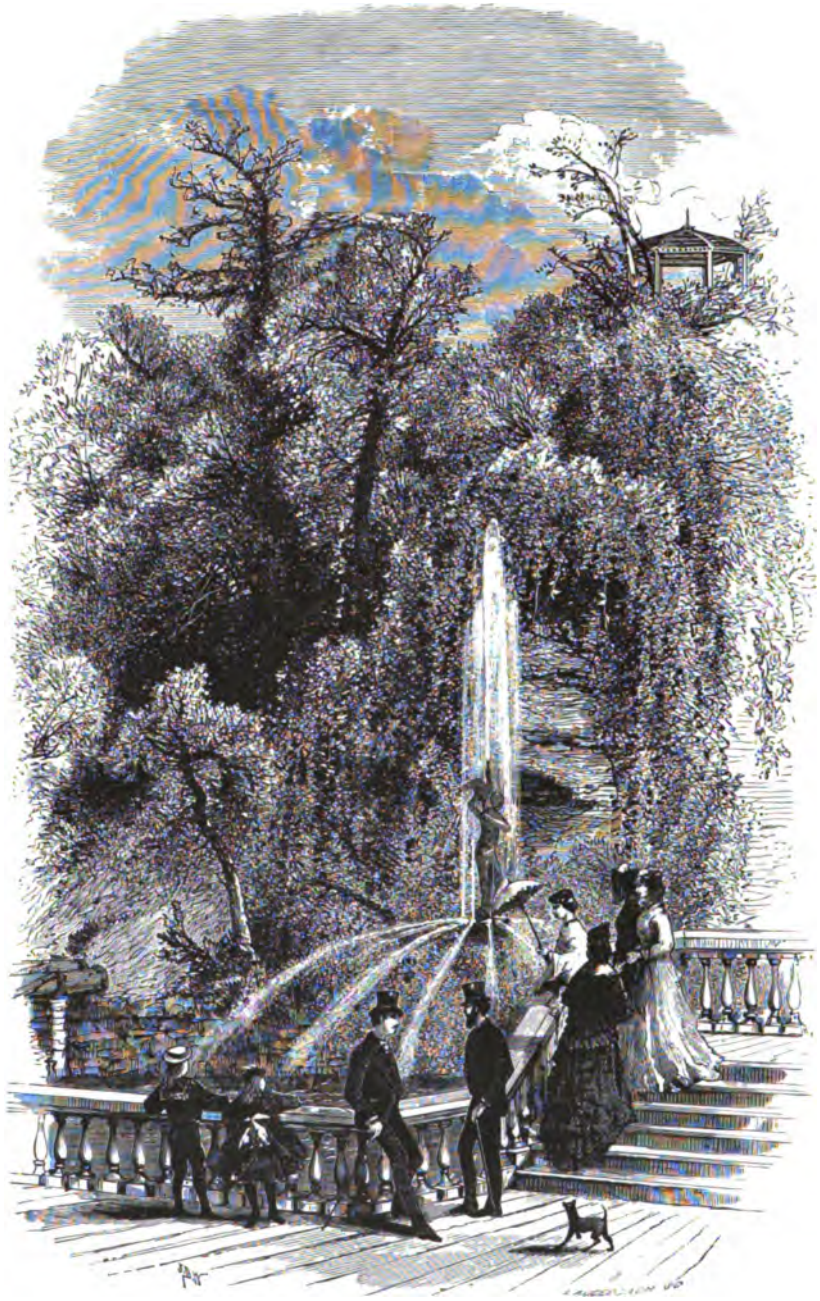
Into the sunshine,
  Full of light,
Leaping and flashing
  From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
  Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
  When the winds blow!

Into the starlight
  Rushing in spray;
Happy at midnight,
  Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
  Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
  Never aweary:—

Glad of all weathers,
  Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
  Motion thy rest;—



THE FOUNTAIN.

Full of a nature
  Nothing can tame;
Changed every moment,
  Ever the same;—

Ceaseless aspiring,
  Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
  Thy element;—

Glorious fountain!
  Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
  Upward, like thee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

GIRLHOOD.

An exquisite incompleteness, blossom foreshadowing fruit;
A sketch faint in its beauty, with promise of future worth;
A plant with some leaves unfolded, and the rest asleep at its root,
To deck with their future sweetness the fairest thing on the earth.

Womanhood, wifehood, motherhood — each a possible thing,
Dimly seen through the silence that lies between then and now;
Something of each and all has woven a magic ring,
Linking the three together in glory on girlhood's brow.

ANONYMOUS.

GIRLHOOD.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found?
Halcyon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies
From the pomp of sceptred state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.
In a cottaged vale she dwells,
List'ning to the sabbath bells!

Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honor's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow, smiling through her tears,
And, conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

COLERIDGE.

THE FLOWER'S NAME.

HERE 's the garden she walked across,
  Arm in my arm, such a short while since;
Hark! now I push its wicket, the moss
  Hinders the hinges, and makes them wince.
She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,
  As back with that murmur the wicket swung;
For she laid the poor snail my chance foot spurned,
  To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel-walk
  She went, while her robe's edge brushed the box;
And here she paused in her gracious talk
  To point me a moth on the milk-white phlox.

Roses, ranged in valiant row,
I will never think that she passed you by!
She loves you, noble roses, I know;
But yonder see where the rock-plants lie!

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,
Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim;
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
Its soft meandering Spanish name.
What a name! was it love or praise?
Speech half asleep, or song half awake?
I must learn Spanish one of these days,
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,
I may bring her, one of these days,
To fix you fast with as fine a spell,—
Fit you each with his Spanish phrase.
But do not detain me now, for she lingers
There, like sunshine over the ground;
And ever I see her soft white fingers
Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard! look that you grow not;
Stay as you are, and be loved forever!
Bud, if I kiss you, 't is that you blow not;
Mind! the shut pink mouth opens never!
For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,
Twinkling the audacious leaves between,
Till round they turn, and down they nestle;
Is not the dear mark still to be seen?

THE FLOWER'S NAME.

Where I find her not, beauties vanish;
  Whither I follow her, beauties flee.
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish
  June 's twice June since she breathed it with me?
Come, bud! show me the least of her traces;
  Treasure my lady's lightest footfall;
Ah! you may flout and turn up your faces,—
  Roses, you are not so fair after all!

ROBERT BROWNING.

SOLITUDE.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

BYRON.

[illegible]

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[illegible] interviews, in which I stood
[illegible] may be, or have been before
[illegible] with the universe and [illegible]
[illegible] never expected [illegible]

BYRON.

R Swain Gifford 79

TO A YOUNG ASS.

ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.

Poor little foal of an oppressed race!
I love the languid patience of thy face;
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.
But what thy dulled spirits hath dismay'd,
That never thou dost sport along the glade?
And (most unlike the nature of things young)
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?
Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
Meek child of Misery! thy future fate? —
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
"Which patient Merit of the Unworthy takes?"
Or is thy sad heart thrilled with filial pain
To see thy wretched mother's shorten'd chain?
And, truly very piteous is her lot —
Chain'd to a log within a narrow spot,
Where the close-eaten grass is scarcely seen,
While sweet around her waves the tempting green!
Poor Ass! thy master should have learnt to show
Pity — best taught by fellowship of Woe!
For much I fear me that he lives like thee,
Half famish'd in a land of Luxury!
How askingly its footsteps hither bend!
It seems to say, "And have I then one friend?"

Innocent foal! thou poor despised forlorn!
I hail thee brother — spite of the fool's scorn!
And fain would take thee with me, in the dell
Of Peace and mild Equality to dwell,
Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his bride,
And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribless side!
How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
And frisk about, as lamb or kitten gay!
Yea! and more musically sweet to me
Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest
The aching of pale Fashion's vacant breast!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
  A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
  Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
  Oh I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
  And evening tells us toil is o'er.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I 'm on the sea! I 'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love, Oh! *how* I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she *was*, and *is*, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I 've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).

THE OPEN SEA.

THE PRAISE OF A COUNTRYMAN'S LIFE.

Oh, the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find,
High trololie, lollie, lol; high trololie, lee;
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind;
Then care away, and wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried,
High trololie, lollie, lol; high trololie, lee;
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride;
Then care away, and wend along with me.

But oh! the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
High trololie, lollie, lol; high trololie, lee;
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses and his cart;
Then care away, and wend along with me.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,
Gray russet for our wives,
High trololie, lollie, lol; high trololie, lee;
'T is warmth and not gay clothing
That doth prolong our lives;
Then care away, and wend along with me.

The ploughman, though he labor hard,
Yet on the holy day,
High trololie, lollie, lol; high trololie, lee;
No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away;
Then care away, and wend along with me.

To recompense our tillage
The heavens afford us showers,
High trololie, lollie, lol; high trololie, lee;
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers;
Then care away, and wend along with me.

The cuckoo and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
High trololie, lollie, lol; high trololie, lee;
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the spring;
Then care away, and wend along with me.

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys,
High trololie, lollie, lol; high trololie, lee;
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that says so lies;
Then care away, and wend along with me.

JOHN CHALKHILL.

THE FOREST SHRINE.

Holy Mother! Holy Son
At Thy feet ere day's begun
Here I humbly kneel.

Guide my youthful steps aright
Till the coming of the night;
Hear my earnest prayer.

Let the sins of yesterday
By Thy blood be washed away,
Thou canst make me pure.

Lead me through life's work to Thee,
Unto all eternity
I would do Thy will.

MYRA MEREDITH.

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MYRA MERRITT

THE GARDEN OF MEMORY.

THERE is a garden which my memory knows,
A grand old garden of the days gone by,
Where lofty trees invite the breeze,
And underneath them blooms full many a rose,
Of rarest crimson or deep purple dye;
And there extend as far as eye can see,
Dim vistas of cool greenery.

Quaint marble statues, clothed with vines and mould,
Gleam gray and spectral 'mid the foliage there;
Grimly they stand on every hand,
Along the walk whose sands are smoothly rolled,
And borders trimmed with constant, watchful care;
There Memory sits, and hears soft voices call
Above the plashing waterfall.

Old, faded bowers, with their rustic seats
Of knotted branches closely intertwined,
May there be seen, the walks between;
Within their shade the dove at noon retreats,
And gives her sad voice to the summer wind;
Around them bloom rich flowers, where all day long
The wild bee drones his dreamy song.

The garden stretches downward to a lake,
Where gentle ripples kiss a pebbly shore;
All cool and deep the waters sleep,
With naught the calm of their repose to break
Save now and then the plashing of an oar,
Or the long train of diamond sparkles bright
Left by the wayward swallow's flight.

Within the garden Memory oft recalls
Gay friends, who lived, and loved, and passed away;
Who met at morn upon the lawn,
And strolled in couples by the garden-walls.
Or on the grass beneath the maples lay,
And passed the hours as gayly as might be,
With olden tales of chivalry.

The younger maidens, each with silken net,
Chased butterflies that hung, on painted wings,
Above the beds where poppy-heads
Drooped heavily with morning dew-drops wet;
In recollection still their laughter rings,
And still I seem to see them sport among
The statues gray, with vines o'erhung.

One sainted maiden I remember well,
And shall remember, though all else should fade;
Her dreamy eyes, her gentle sighs,
Her golden hair in tangled curls that fell,
Her queen-like beauty and demeanor staid,
And O, her smile, that played at hide-and-seek
With dimples on her chin and cheek!

O Edith! often have we sat at rest,
And watched the sunset from the Lover's Hill,
When few, faint stars shone through the bars
Of purple cloud that stretched athwart the west;
And nature's pulse seemed silently to thrill,
While night came o'er the moorlands wide and brown,
On dusky pinions sweeping down.

Long years have faded since those happy days,
Yet still in memory are their joys enshrined.
Tall grasses wave o'er Edith's grave;
Above her breast the birds sing plaintive lays;
Yet still I feel her arms about me twined;
Still float her tangled tresses in the breeze;
Still sit we 'neath the maple-trees.

Thus may it be, until I too am gone!
Thus let me ever dream of youth and love!
And when the strife of earthly life
Is past; when all my weary tasks are done,
I know that in some garden there, above,
My angel Edith waits to welcome me
Unto thy halls, Eternity!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

JULY.

Loud is the Summer's busy song,
The smallest breeze can find a tongue,
While insects of each tiny size
Grow teasing with their melodies,
Till noon burns with its blistering breath
Around, and day lies still as death.

The busy noise of man and brute
Is on a sudden lost and mute;
Even the brook that leaps along,
Seems weary of its bubbling song,
And, so soft its waters creep,
Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep;

The cricket on its bank is dumb;
The very flies forget to hum;
And, save the wagon rocking round,
The landscape sleeps without a sound.
The breeze is stopped, the lazy bough
Hath not a leaf that danceth now;

The taller grass upon the hill,
And spider's threads, are standing still;
The feathers, dropped from moorhen's wing
Which to the water's surface cling,
Are steadfast, and as heavy seem
As stones beneath them in the stream;

Hawkweed and groundsel's fanny downs
Unruffled keep their seedy crowns;
And in the overheated air
Not one light thing is floating there,
Save that to the earnest eye
The restless heat seems twittering by.

Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,
And flowers e'en within the shade;
Until the sun slopes in the west,
Like weary traveller, glad to rest
On pillowed clouds of many hues.
Then Nature's voice its joy renews,

And checkered field and grassy plain
Hum with their summer songs again,
A requiem to the day's decline,
Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine
As welcome to day's feeble powers
As falling dews to thirsty flowers.

JOHN CLARE.

[illegible] fanny downs
[illegible]

[illegible] there,
[illegible] earnest eye
[illegible] heat seems to [illegible]

[illegible] swoons beneath the heat [illegible]
[illegible] flowers e'en within the shade
[illegible] the sun slopes to the west
[illegible] weary traveller, glad to rest
[illegible] wood denizens of many [illegible]

And checkered [illegible] grassy floor
Hum with their [illegible] songs again,
A requiem to [illegible]'s decline,
Whose setting [illegible] coolly shine
As [illegible] feeble powers
[illegible]

THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP.

'T is a wild spot, and hath a gloomy look;
The bird sings never merrily in the trees,
And the young leaves seem blighted. A rank growth
Spreads poisonously round, with power to taint
With blistering dews the thoughtless hand that dares
To penetrate the covert. Cypresses
Crowd on the dank, wet earth; and, stretched at length,
The cayman — a fit dweller in such home —
Slumbers, half buried in the sedgy grass.
Beside the green ooze where he shelters him,
A whooping crane erects his skeleton form,
And shrieks in flight. Two summer ducks, aroused
To apprehension, as they hear his cry,
Dash up from the lagoon, with marvellous haste,
Following his guidance. Meetly taught by these,
And startled at our rapid, near approach,
The steel-jawed monster, from his grassy bed,
Crawls slowly to his slimy, green abode,
Which straight receives him. You behold him now,
His ridgy back uprising as he speeds,
In silence, to the centre of the stream,
Whence his head peers alone. A butterfly,
That, travelling all the day, has counted climes
Only by flowers, to rest himself awhile
Lights on the monster's brow. The surly mute
Straightway goes down, so suddenly that he,

The dandy of the summer flowers and woods,
Dips his light wings, and spoils his golden coat,
With the rank water of that turbid pond.
Wondering and vexed, the pluméd citizen
Flies, with a hurried effort, to the shore,
Seeking his kindred flowers; but seeks in vain, —
Nothing of genial growth may there be seen,
Nothing of the beautiful! Wild, ragged trees,
That look like felon spectres, — fetid shrubs,
That taint the gloomy atmosphere, — dusk shades
That gather, half a cloud, and half a fiend
In aspect, lurking on the swamp's wild edge, —
Gloom with their sternness and forbidding frowns
The general prospect. The sad butterfly,
Waving his lackered wings, darts quickly on,
And, by his free flight, counsels us to speed
For better lodgings, and a scene more sweet
Than these drear borders offer us to-night.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP.

THE SHEPHERD.

Ah, gentle Shepherd! thine the lot to tend,
Of all that feel distress, the most assailed,
Feeble, defenceless; lenient be thy care;
But spread around thy tenderest diligence
In flowery Spring-time, when the new-dropp'd lamb,
Tottering with weakness by his mother's side,
Feels the fresh world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet;

Oh! guard his meek, sweet innocence from all
Th' innumerous ills that rush around his life;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain;
Observe the lurking crows; beware the brake,—
There the sly fox the careless minute waits;
Nor trust thy neighbor's dog, nor earth, nor sky;
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
Eurus oft flings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promised food; and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her also turning; to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakest in thine arms
Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk;—
In this soft office may thy children join,
And charitable actions learn in sport.
Nor yield him to himself ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers;
Nor yet forget him; life has rising ills.

DYER.

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labors see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergéd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of Repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name;
Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race;
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness, —
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find; —

Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden state
While man there walk'd without a mate;
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet?
But 't was beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there;
Two paradises are in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And, as it works, th' industrious bee,
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers?

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE BUGLE.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O, love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE BUGLE.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

[illegible] earth walls
[illegible] story;
[illegible] shakes across the lakes,
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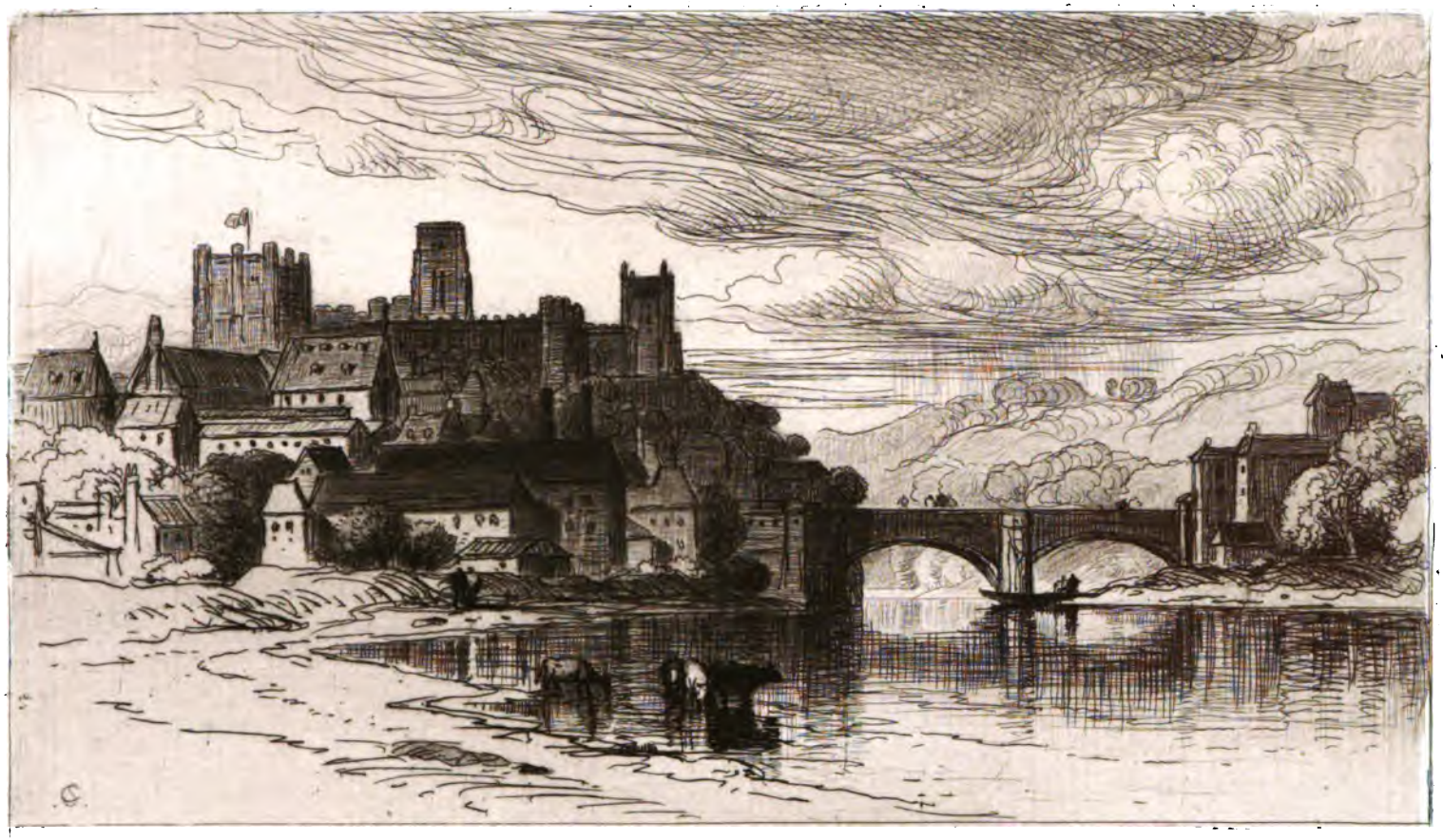
ALFRED TENNYSON.



SUNSET ON THE KEKOUGHTON RIVER.

See the scattered clouds of evening, —
  Lattice bars across the blue, —
Where the moon in pallid beauty
  Like an angel gazes through!

Over all the winding river,
  By the fading sunset kissed,
Slowly rises up the vapor
  In a cloud of ghostly mist.

While the eve is slowly turning
  Its last grains of golden sand,
What a holy quiet hovers
  Over all the drowsy land!

There is now the spell of silence,
  Of a silence calm and deep,
Over all the placid waters
  Where the pale mist seems asleep.

And the vessels, slowly gliding
  Down the river to the bay,
Show on spreading sheets of canvas
  Tints that change from red to gray.

All is quiet, save the murmur
Of the tide upon the bar;
See each little breaker playing
With the image of a star!

And 't is thus that human creatures,
Bowed with age, or fresh in youth,
Give back brokenly the image
Of each grand, celestial truth.

Now the brooding silence deepens,
  And the scene is one of rest,
As the wrecked day drifts down grandly
  To be stranded in the west,

On yon rugged coast of Cloudland
  High above the village spire,
On its mighty, purple headlands
  And its crags all tipped with fire.

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

THE GREENWOOD.

O, WHEN 't is summer weather,
And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,
The waters clear is humming round,
And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green, —
  O, then 't is sweet,
  In some retreat,
To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we love,
And to wind through the greenwood together.

But when 't is winter weather,
  And grasses grieve,
  And friends deceive,
  And rain and sleet
  The lattice beat, —
  O, then 't is sweet
  To sit and sing
Of the friends with whom, in the days of spring,
We roamed through the greenwood together.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES

THE GREENWOOD.

TO THE TURTLE DOVE.

Deep in the wood, thy voice I list, and love
Thy soft complaining song, thy tender cooing;
O what a winning way thou hast of wooing!
Gentlest of all thy race — sweet Turtle-dove!
Thine is a note that doth not pass away,
Like the light music of a summer's day;
The merle may trill his richest song in vain —
Scarce do we say, "List! for he pipes again;"
But thou! that low plaint oft and oft repeating
To the coy mate that needs so much entreating,

Fillest the woods with a discursive song
Of love, that sinketh deep, and resteth long;
Hushing the voice of mirth, and staying folly,
And waking in the heart a gentle melancholy.

D. CONWAY.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale, in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill, —
Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

THOMAS MOORE.

A MORNING WALK.

I ROSE anone and thought I woulde gone
Into the woode, to heare the birdes sing,
Whan that the misty vapour was agone,
And cleare and faire was the morning,
The dewe also like silver in shining
Upon the leaves, as any baume swete,
Till fiery Titan with his persant hete

Had dried up the lusty licour newe,
Upon the herbes in the grene mede,
And that the floures of many divers hue,
Upon hir stalkes gon for to sprede,
And for to splay out hir leves in brede
Againe the Sunne, gold burned in his spere,
That doune to hem cast his beames clere.

And by a river forth I gan costay,
Of water clere, as birell or cristall,
Till at the last I found a little way,
Toward a parke, enclosed with a wall,
In compace rounde, and by a gate small,
Who so that would, might freely gone
Into this parke, walled with grene stone.

And in I went to heare the birdes song,
Which on the branches, both in plaine and vale,
So loud sang, that all the wood rong,
Like as it should shiver in peeces small,
And, as me thought, that the nightingale
With so great might her voice gan out wrest,
Right as her herte for love would brest.

CHAUCER.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

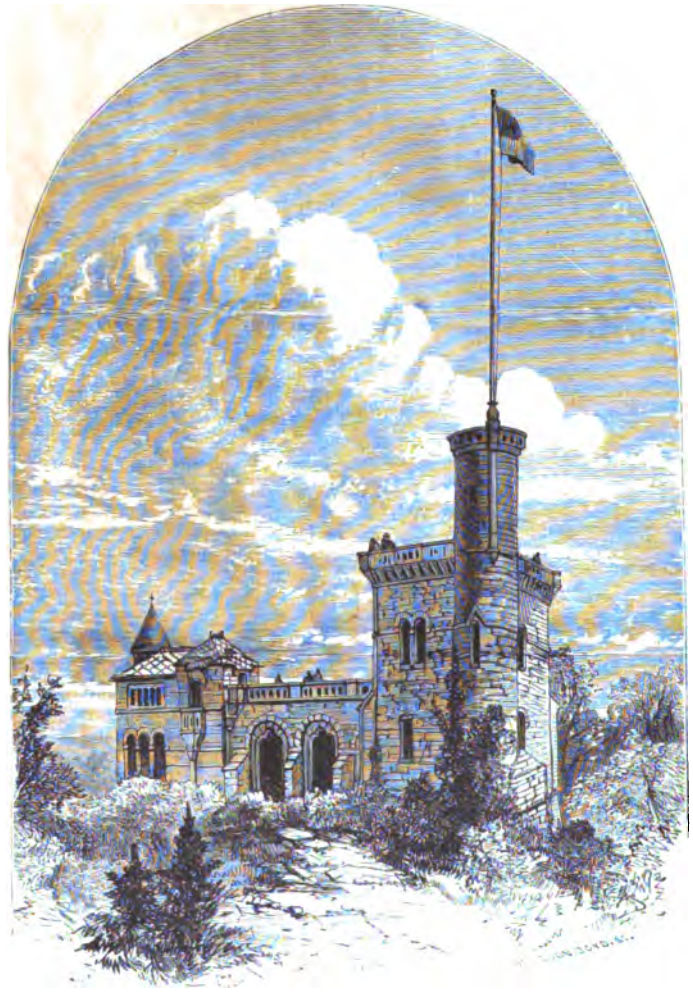
I REMEMBER, I remember
  The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
  Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
  Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
  Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
  The roses, red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
  Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
  And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
  The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
  Where I was used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
  To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
  That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
  The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I 'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.



NATURE AND ART.

I remember I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD

RIVER SONG.

COME to the river's reedy shore,
My maiden, while the skies,
With blushes fit to grace thy cheek,
Wait for the sun's uprise;

There, dancing on the rippling wave,
My boat expectant lies,
And jealous flowers, as thou goest by,
Unclose their dewy eyes.

As slowly down the stream we glide,
The lilies all unfold
Their leaves, less rosy white than thou,
And virgin hearts of gold;
The gay birds on the meadow elm
Salute thee blithe and bold,
While I sit shy and silent here,
And glow with love untold.

F. B. SANBORN.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

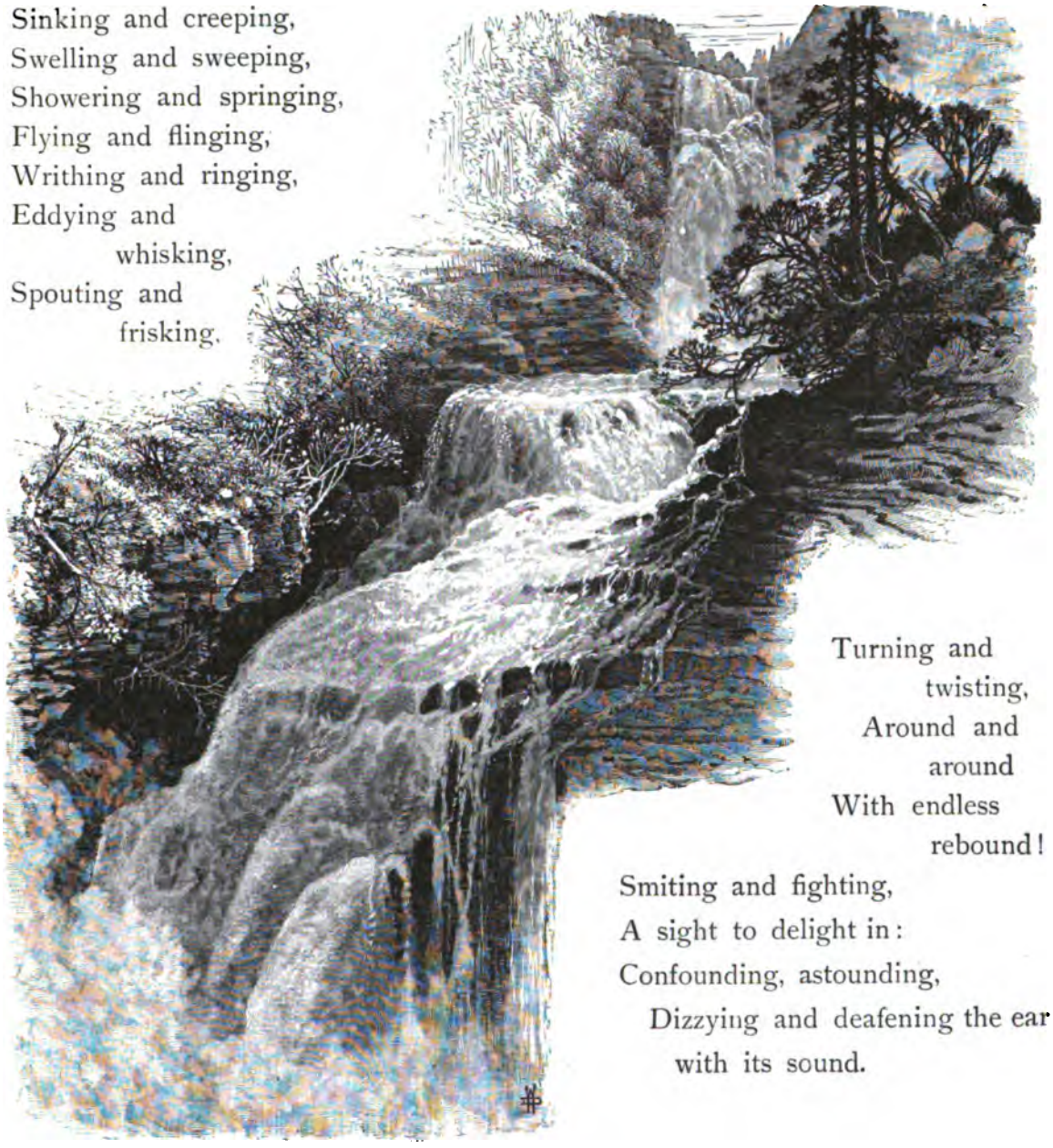
"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon, at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing,
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills, —
Through moss and through brake
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging,
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and
whisking,
Spouting and
frisking,



Turning and
twisting,
Around and
around
With endless
rebound!

Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in:
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear
with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,

And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering:

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing:
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar:
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

AUTUMN.

A DIRGE.

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the year
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling;
Come, months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play —
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

AUTUMN.

DAY IS DYING.

Day is dying! Float, O song,
  Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to the Day, —
  Day, the mighty Giver.

Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,
  Melted rubies sending
Through the river and the sky,
  Earth and heaven blending;

All the long-drawn earthly banks
  Up to cloud-land lifting;
Slow between them drifts the swan,
  'Twixt two heavens drifting.

Wings half open, like a flower
  Inly deeper flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure, —
  Virgin proudly blushing.

Day is dying! Float, O swan,
Down the ruby river;
Follow, song, in requiem
To the mighty Giver.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A SONG to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here 's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There 's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.

Then here 's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the spring with cold
Had brightened his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May.
And on that day to the rebeck gay
They frolicked with lovesome swains;
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
But the tree it still remains.
Then here 's, etc.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear,
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
Were filled with good English cheer.
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.
Then here 's, etc.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

Is there, where the winds are singing
  In the happy summer time, —
Where the raptured air is ringing
With Earth's music heavenward springing,
  Forest chirp, and village chime, —
Is there, of the sounds that float
Unsighingly, a single note
Half so sweet and clear and wild
As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted;
  Morn hath touched her golden strings:
Earth and Sky their vows have plighted;
Life and Light are reunited
  Amid countless carollings:
Yet, delicious as they are,
There 's a sound that 's sweeter far, —
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all, — the human voice!

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,
  Though it be a stranger's tone, —
Than the winds or waters dearer,
More enchanting to the hearer,
  For it answereth to his own.
But, of all its witching words,
Sweeter than the song of birds,
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,
  Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves, and silver showers, —
  These, ere long, the ear forgets:
But in mine there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round, —
Heart-deep laughter that I heard
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 't was heard by ear far purer,
  Fondlier formed to catch the strain, —
Ear of one whose love is surer, —

Hers, the mother, the endurer
  Of the deepest share of pain;
Hers the deepest bliss to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure;
Hers to hoard, a lifetime after,
Echoes of that infant laughter.

'T is a mother's large affection
  Hears with a mysterious sense, —
Breathings that evade detection,
Whisper faint and fine inflection,
  Thrill in her with power intense.
Childhood's honeyed words untaught
Hiveth she in loving thought, —
Tones that never thence depart;
For she listens — with her heart.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA.

THIS was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!
  From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"
  And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger

Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BEWARE!

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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THE OLD KIRK YARD.

Oh! come, come with me, to the old kirk yard,
I well know the path through the soft green sward.
Friends slumber there we were wont to regard,
We 'll trace out their names in the old kirk yard.

Oh! mourn not for them, their grief is o'er,
Oh! weep not for them, they weep no more,
For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard
Their pillow may be in the old kirk yard.

I know it is in vain, when friends depart,
To breathe kind words to a broken heart;
I know that the joy of life seems marr'd
When we follow them home to the old kirk yard.
But were I at rest beneath yon tree,
Why shouldst thou weep, dear love, for me:
I 'm wayworn and sad, ah! why then retard
The rest that I seek in the old kirk yard?

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,

This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain-crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,

Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John;
But hand in hand we 'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE OHIO.

Flow on, thou glorious river,
Thy mountain-shores between,
To where the Mexique's stormy waves
Dash on savannas green.

. . . . .

Flow on, thou mighty river!
High-road of nations, flow!
And thou shalt flow, when all the woods
Upon thy sides are low.
Yes, thou shalt flow eternally,
Though on thy peopled shore
The rising town and dawning state
Should sink to rise no more.

Ephraim Peabody.

CHOCORUA.

THE pioneer of a great company
That wait behind him, gazing toward the east, —
Mighty ones all, down to the nameless least, —
Though after him none dares to press, where he
With bent head listens to the minstrelsy
Of far waves chanting to the moon, their priest.
What phantom rises up from winds deceased?
What whiteness of the unapproachable sea?
Hoary Chocorua guards his mystery well;
He pushes back his fellows, lest they hear
The haunting secret he apart must tell
To his lone self, in the sky-silence clear.
A shadowy, cloud-cloaked wraith, with shoulders bowed,
He steals, conspicuous, from the mountain-crowd.

LUCY LARCOM.

MOUNT CHOCORUA.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

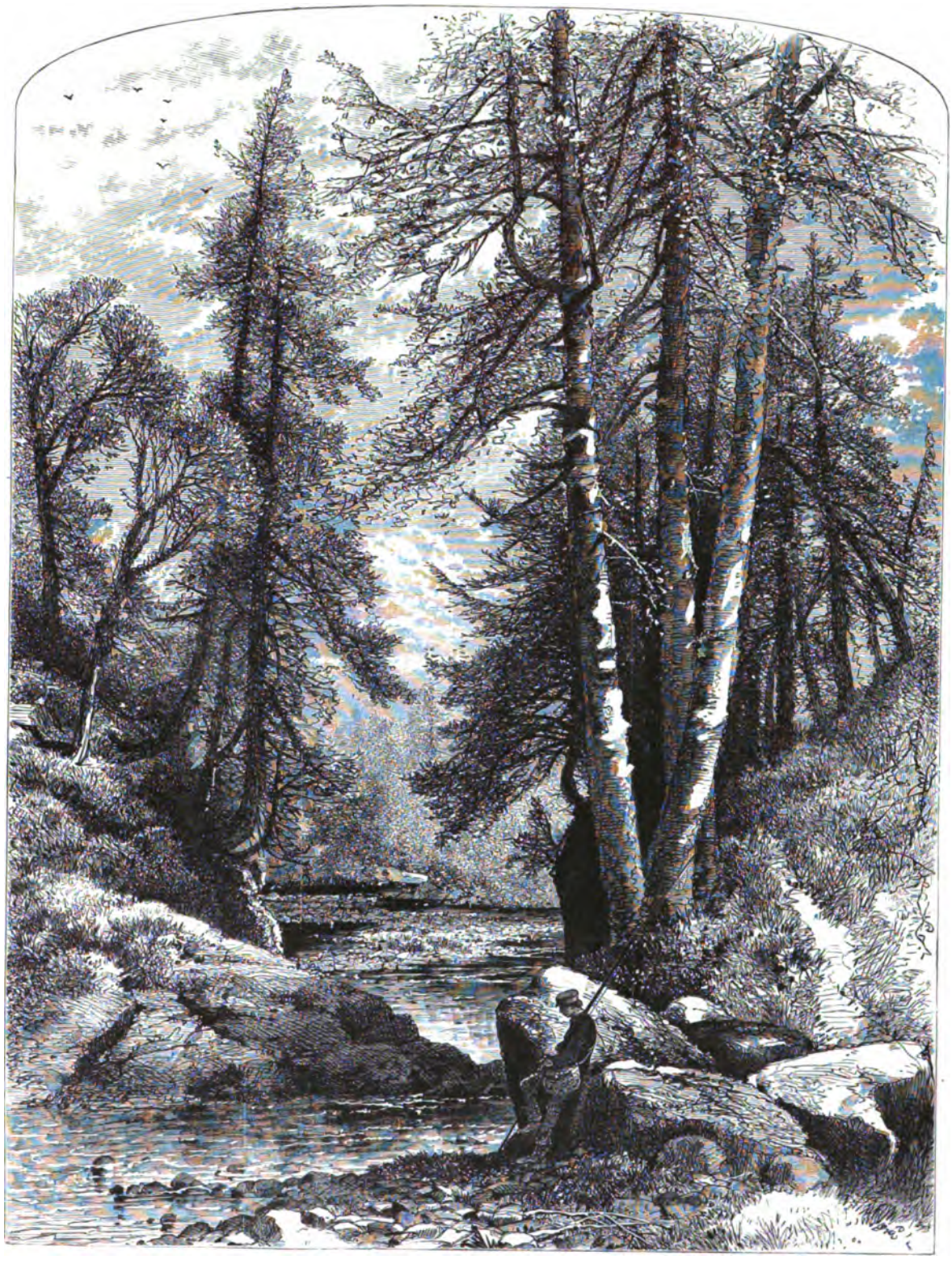
I IN these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
  Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
  Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,
And then wash'd off by April showers;
  Here, hear my Kenna sing a song;
  There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a leverock build her nest;
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love.
  Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise
  Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat;
There see the sun both rise and set;
There bid good-morning to next day;
There meditate my time away;
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

IZAAK WALTON.



THE ANGLER.

THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

O THE old house at home, where my forefather dwelt,
Where a child at the feet of my mother I knelt,
Where she taught me the prayer, where she read me the page,
Which, if infancy lisps, is the solace of age,
My heart, 'mid all changes, wherever I roam,
Ne'er loses its love for the old house at home.

ANONYMOUS.

"ISABELLA PLAYING THE LUTE."

SUCH moving sounds from such a careless touch!
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud.
Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the listening deer.
Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes;
So Nero once, with harp in hand, surveyed
His flaming Rome, and as it burned he played.

WALLER.

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